

of the army of the military service. You will assure the loyal masters that Congress will provide just compensation for them for the loss of the services of the persons so employed. It is believed that the measures thus indicated will secure the substantial rights of loyal masters, and the benefits to the United States of the services of all disposed to support the Government, while it avoids all interference with the small systems of local institutions of every State beyond that which insurrection makes unavoidable, and which the Government has no right to interfere with, under the Constitution, will immediately remove.

Respectfully SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War. Brig-Gen T. W. Sherman, commanding expedition to the Southern coast

Shelburne, Vermont.—The Tribune of this morning publishes the following letter from a General in the United States army now in Virginia.

Camp at —, Virginia, Oct. 5, 1861.
I have with the refinement of Virginia gentlemen, I enclose you a friend, the Rev. B. N. Martin, Professor, New York University, a piece of the skin of the thigh, tanned by those good people of the town of John Brown, who was killed at Harper's Ferry.

This is a fragment of the skin which, thus prepared, was distributed in pieces over the Southern country, and was presented to my present Aid in Richmond, last April, by a Capt. Somers of the Confederate States Army, and a friend of mine, who has the skeleton, and who flayed and tanned the skin.

My Aid informs me that every preparation was made to treat the remains of John Brown in the same way, by having them thrown from the car before reaching Baltimore, and substituting a false coffin, but that the plan was frustrated by the flinching or sickness of the railroad conductor.

Brigadier-General.

We put the above by the side of the following:

"Restoration."—This morning's Herald occupies much space, editorially and otherwise, to its alleged indications of an early pacification and "re-construction" on the basis of protection for slavery. At the recent Southern Commercial Convention, a proposal was introduced,

1. To place a discounting duty of twenty per cent on all goods imported into the Confederate States, through, or for account of Northern parties, for a period of ten years.

2. To place a direct "income tax" upon all Northern exchange or bills payable there, for a similar period.

3. To recommend our banks and merchants to make all our cotton produce bills accepted payable in Europe, at the rate of the current of foreign productions.

These resolutions were known as the "direct trade resolutions." The friends of direct trade taking the position, that because of the artificial means employed in the late Union, to divert our trade North, it became absolutely necessary for us to aid Southern trade by legislative enactment, to break away from the restraint upon our commerce, so long and so unjustly imposed by the American Government.

This was opposed by Gen. Duff Green, whose position was that

"These resolutions were so fatal to Northern commerce with the South, so destructive of all hope of New York ever again participating in the importation of our goods, in our wealth, through the discount of our cotton bills, and the control of our exchange, that to pass them would be to prolong the war. That the direct trade resolutions, in fact, would make any adjustment with the North impossible, and prevent any reconstruction of the commercial and financial relations of the South to the North, and would, in fact, make it necessary to break away from the Convention. All debate being cut off by nature of the motion with which General Duff Green closed the argument, the "direct trade resolutions" were "tabled."

This action, in connection with financial difficulties of the cotton planters, and the Confederate government, the Herald regards as evidence that "a great revolution of sentiment is going on at the South" in favor of re-construction of commercial relations with the North.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29.

At and by the Tribune.—This morning's Tribune says:

"One of our correspondents with the Great Naval Expedition writes from Hampton Roads, on Friday evening last, that he had just been informed upon good authority, that the British Secretary of the Admiralty, Lord Russell, had been aboard, accompanied by Commodore Dupont of the fleet, had abounded, carrying with him the maps and charts, and even the sealed orders of the Commodore. We do not vouch for the truth of this report, but only for the fact that the writer is one worthy of credence. It would certainly not be surprising, considering the amount of the British fleet, which has attended the Southern Government, should another confidential servant of the government prove to have been a traitor. We hope, however, to hear that the report is erroneous." [Since contradicted.]

The real Ohio Conference of M. E. Church, at its annual session at K. 1870, Ohio, adopted the following

Resolved, That in the judgment of this Conference, the proclamation of General Fremont, declaring emancipation to the slaves of all rebels against the government, is of paramount importance in the present crisis, and merits the hearty approval of this body of ministers, and we believe, of all undoubted friends of the government.—*Cm. Ges. O. 2.*

For example.—We hear from Washington, that the most recent advice from all our able Ministers abroad, give more cheering information than has yet been received, concerning the temper and disposition of the foreign powers with reference to the United States, and the rebellion we are now engaged in suppressing.—*Free.*

Gen. Scott, it is said, is about to retire, on account of the increasing infirmities of age.

From Missouri.—We learn, from Gen. Fremont that he was on Saturday at Belvoir in Missouri, whence he was pushing on for Springfield as rapidly as possible. Gen. Pope and Hunter were also, tanspiring in the same direction, and everything indicated that a battle on a large scale was determined on, provided the enemy could be induced to make the stand which Price has so long been threatening. Lane and Sturgis, in the approaching battle, are to have the left wing; Hunter the right; Asboth the center; Gen. McKinstry is to hold his first in reserve; Sigel has the advance. Touching Price, one account represents his men as actually disgusted at his retreat, and as about to compel him to make his stand; another report is to the effect that Gen. Johnston is on his way from Kentucky to take command of the combined forces of Price and McCulloch, and that he has sent word to those generals not to fight Fremont till he himself can have a hand in the affair—instructions which it is thought Price and McCulloch will vitally obey. Gen. Fremont's body guard, in the recent charge on the rebels at Springfield, lost six or eight killed, and had fifteen or twenty wounded.—*U.*

Removal of Fremont.—We are assured by our Washington correspondent that the order to Gen. Fremont to surrender his command to Gen. Hunter was sent by a special messenger on Saturday and was to be delivered to him unless he was actually in the face of the enemy, or preparing to give battle to the rebels.—*U.*

Fremont's Body Guard.—The commander of Gen. Fremont's body guard, who led the brilliant and successful attack on Springfield on Saturday last, is Major Szaganyi (not Seyagony), a gallant soldier who served honorably in the Hungarian war of independence, and is now again fighting for constitutional liberty. He is one of those whom Gen. Fremont has selected to be his personal body guard. He was appointed by Fremont without the requisite official red tape, but he seems to fight as well as though his pay was jangling in his pocket.

—It should be understood that this body guard is no ordinary body guard, as it is composed of men who fear no hard work and mean to fight it out to the very end of officers; our readers will recollect that some time ago Gen. Fremont advised young men who aspired to commissions to serve an apprenticeship in this corps. Szaganyi would seem to be a pretty good instructor.—*U.*

Anecdote of Fremont.—Since the publication of Mr. Cameron's letter to Gen. Sherman, who may without impropriety relate an anecdote as to Gen. Fremont. A few days ago a Missourian came to him from Washington, and told him of his fidelity to the Union, asking permission to search through the camp for three slaves whom he believed to be taken into the service of one of the Illinois regiments. The General politely declined, saying he could not allow any one to search the camp for the purpose except by a general authority of law, and then the Missourian departed. After he had gone, Fremont turned to the gentleman with whom he had previously been talking: "I dare say," said he, "these persons may be here; but if they are, they have come expecting to find a refuge, and I will never violate the confidence of a man who has trusted me, so long as my name is John C. Fremont."—*U.*

After this, who can fail to see that there is a necessity resting upon our slave catching Administration, to remove Gen. Fremont?

Officers without the Red Ties and without Pay.—Wherever shall be eventually in command of the Western Army, at least, feel grateful to Gen. Fremont for having taken together the best material for a Western Army, and single staff, which we get from a trustworthy source, shows us of what sort of stuff a body of his officers, numbering about two hundred, are made. These men have no other commissions than those given them by Gen. Fremont, in the army organizing a large army, which commissions, in accordance with a recent order from Washington, are not recognized by the Government, and draw no pay. Presumably the Government issued this order, whether it presumed that better men could have been had by Fremont, or whether it felt it necessary to show that no exigency could excuse a surrender of its law, its duty, and its honor, but it was bound to do so, and the head quarters of the Western Department, and the public at large, and the press with which a commendable alliance of the press is in

of the acts of the Administration. Gen. Fremont's officers, officers together, feeling, we presume, that it was not for them to do so, even if at an important moment, the country should lose their services, and approved his action in accordance with the decision of the Government, commissions he had issued were without a law, and he regretted to say, they were entitled to no pay. The day after he held a meeting among themselves to take the subject into consideration. After a calm and bold discussion, they decided that though the pay was needed for them, there was no necessary or personal motive that sought to enter into the field, and pay or no pay, commissions or no commissions, they would remain in it as long as the country needed their services. It is this spirit which will make the nation inviolable, and in which we shall be indebted for the salvation of Missouri. If it shall be cleared, this Autumn, of rebel forces.—*U.*

Fresh reasons why Gen. Fremont should be removed from the New Union Party.—We heard it last evening from a prominent gentleman whose political associations we know him to know, that the New Union party is designed to be pro-slavery party, more decidedly so than even the pro-slavery of the Administration would seem to indicate, and designed to bring the Government to its own level.

WEDNESDAY, 30th.

Bad news of true.—A correspondent of the Southern Democrat, writing from Camp Morrissey, says:

Nine contrabands arrived in camp a day or two ago, and here by General Lane's officers. Their case has been investigated, and it is understood that General Fremont will return them to their masters.

We hope it will prove that Gen. Fremont has done such thing. If he has, "more's the pity." How long will the Administration continue its policy of insulting its law supporters, for the sake of gratifying and conciliating the class of slaveholders who, though calling themselves loyal, prefer slavery to their country's salvation? How long shall our army be used for the dirty service of slave catching a work with which no gentleman slaveholder ever deigns to soil his fingers?

Counter Reports.—At a late hour last night the government had received official advices of the departure of the great naval expedition. There was no confidence in the quarters in the report that Commodore Dupont's private secretary had decamped with the sealed and other documents belonging to the Commodore.

A special dispatch from Washington to the World asserts that the removal of Gen. Fremont is not a fact, and also that the rumors of Secretary Cameron being opposed to an advance by the army of the Potomac are unfounded.—*World.*

The order assigning Gen. Fremont's command to Gen. Hunter is now, we are assured, on its way to Missouri. This is wisely done, but it would have been better done quickly.—*World.*

The World evidently means to be right on the record, and true! A positive affirmation and a positive denial of Fremont's removal, in the same day, in the same paper. The World says further:

"The facts concerning Gen. Fremont and his administration of the Western Department, which Mr. Thurlow Weed made public under the name of the Albany Journal (reprinted in our yesterday's issue), are the most conclusive evidence of the incompetency of that favored and popular General for the difficult and important post to which the Administration assigned him. Mr. Weed's own charges and the relations, no less than his past relations with Gen. Fremont, are such that his testimony will be generally accepted as final, and no lingering regret remain in the public mind at his removal.

This is decidedly cool. If there is a single citizen of the State of New York so green as to think any the worse of Fremont, for anything that such a political juggler as Thurlow Weed could say against him, we must put him down among the greenest of the green. Fremont at should be thankful that Weed said nothing in his favor. If Mr. Weed thinks to kill off Gen. Fremont, as a rival, by emptying Thurlow Weed, he has made a blunder.

The Herald of day before yesterday gave a minute and circumstantial account of the sailing of the Great Southern Expedition, on Saturday and Sunday. It is now (Wednesday) ascertained that even on Monday, the fleet had not started from its anchorage! The Herald publishes itself on having no news than say other paper. So, the Herald is not so good as the other papers, and the other papers are not so good as the Herald.

its own choice, so that where you had not thought a tree should be growing, lo, a bright robed form challenges your admiration.

Now walk along the road that winds into the woods. Turn into this little path that leads among the trees. Keep your eyes upon the ground till you have left the road and the houses far out of sight. Now look up.—You stand beneath a great illuminated dome, painted in colors such as artist never dipped his pencil in, and more beautiful than Michael Angelo or Raphael ever adorned. The soft air of approaching Indian Summer is laden with the odor of the leaves—*sad dead leaves, or dying—but ripened leaves*: for it was not the frost that gave them their colors, for you remember the frost, this autumn, has not yet been here. No, they are the natural and proper colors of maturity, just as such as the varied green was the hue of their infancy, and as such as the purple and the gold are nature's painting of the rich, ripe fruit.

You use of a practical turn, and very likely are eminently a practical individual, but when you wish to be pleased and diverted from the dust and toil of life, turn to these wondrous exhibitions nature gives for you, and it is saying nothing against you, to say, that by just such as these you will feel that you are growing better and happier.

You pay your money to go to a traveling show, or complain that you are so poor that you have to deny yourself of the pleasure; but see—from your window or your door or by the road which you can travel free, you may enjoy, at your will, entertainments which the great Architect and Painter, who is never equalled, has furnished, lavishing upon them his munificence and skill. We have told you of one. You must hasten if you would enjoy it, for winter is just at hand with his snowy mantle in which to enwrap the beautiful earth.—*Maine Evangelist.*

NOT BEYOND THE POWER OF LOVE.—Mr. Gough, in one of his recent lectures, proceeded to confute the idea that drunkards are so far bruter as to be beyond the power of Christian love, saying: "No, they are not bruter. I have labored for eighteen years among them, and I have never found a brute. I have had men to swear at me; I have had a man dance around me as if possessed of a devil, and spit his foam in my face; but I never found a man that I would give up. It may take a long time to reach his manhood, but he is not a brute. I think it is Charles Dickens who says, 'Away up a great many pairs of stairs, in a very remote corner, easily passed by, there is a door, and on that door is written, "Woman." And so in the heart of the vile outcast, away up a great many pairs of stairs, in a remote corner, easily passed by, there is a door upon which is written, "Man."'

Here is our business—to find that door. It may take a long time; but begin and knock. Don't get tired; but remember God's long suffering for us, and keep knocking a long time, if need be. Don't get weary if there is no answer, remember Him whose locks were wet with the dew. Knock on—just try it—you try it; and just so sure, by and by, will the quivering lip and startling tear tell you, you have been knocking at the heart of a man, and not of a brute. It is because these poor wretches are men, and not brutes, that we have hopes of them.

I once picked up a man in the market place. They said "He is a brute—let him alone." I took him home with me, and kept the "brute" fourteen days and nights through his delirium, and he nearly frightened my wife out of her wits, one night, chasing her all about the house with a boot in his hand. But she recovered her wits, and he recovered his.

He said to me: "You wouldn't think I had a wife and child, would you?"

"Well, I shouldn't."

"I have, and—God bless her little heart—my little Mary is as pretty a little thing as ever stepped," said the "brute."

I asked, "Where do you live?"

"Two miles from here."

"When did you see them last?"

"Two years ago."

"When he told me his sad story, I said, 'You must go back again.'"

"I can't go back. My wife is better without me."

I have struck her, and kicked her, and abused him. You I g-

I went with him to his house. I knocked at the door, and his wife opened it.

"Is this Mrs. Richardson?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, that is Mr. Richardson; and Mr. Richardson, this is Mrs. Richardson. Now come into the house."

They went in. The wife sat on one side of the room and the "brute" on the other. I waited to see who would speak first, and it was the woman. But before she spoke, she fidgeted a good deal. She pulled up her apron till she got hold of a hem, and then she pulled it all down again. Then she folded it up close and jerked it out through her fingers an inch at a time, and then she spread it all down again; and then she looked all about the room, and said, "Well, William."

The "brute" said, "Well, Mary."

He had a large handkerchief around his neck, and his wife said, "You had better take the handkerchief off, William; you'll need it when you go out."

He began to fumble about it; the knot was large enough; he could have untied it if he liked; but he said, "Will you untie it, Mary?"

She worked away at it, but her fingers were too clumsy, too, and she could not get it off.

While thus occupied, their eyes met. The love-light was not all quenched. She opened her arms gently, and he fell into them.

If you had seen those white arms clasped about his neck, and he sobbing on her breast, and the child looking in wonder, first at one and then at the other, you would have said, "It is not a 'brute' but a man, with a great, big, warm heart in his bosom."—*Tribune.*

YOUR EVENINGS, BOYS.

Great boys and little boys, here is a question which concerns you all. How do you spend your evenings? If your parents or guardians allow you to go from home in the evening, where do you go, and how is this time spent by you? Read this little account, and think of the lesson it teaches.

Joseph Clark was a fine looking and healthy lad as ever left the country to go into a city store. His cheek was red with health, his arm strong, and his step quick. His master liked his looks, and said, that boy will make something. He had been a clerk about six months, when Mr. Abbott observed a change in Joseph. His cheek grew pale, his eyes hollow, and he always seemed sleepy. Mr. Abbott said nothing, for awhile. At length, finding Joseph alone in the counting room one day, he asked him if he was well.

"Pretty well, sir," answered Joseph.

"You look sick of late," said Mr. Abbott.

"Have the headache sometimes," the young man said.

"What gives you the headache?" asked the merchant.

"I do not know as I know, sir."

"Do you go to bed in good season?"

Joseph blushed. "As early as most of the boarders," he said.

"How do you spend your evenings, Joseph?"

"O sir, not as my pious mother would approve," answered the young man, tears starting in his eyes.

"Joseph," said the old merchant, "Your character and all your future usefulness and prosperity, depend upon the way you pass your evenings. Take my word for it, it is a young man's evenings that make or break him."

FACTS.

Rees' Cyclopaedia says that a drop of the oil of tobacco, placed upon a cat's tongue, produces convulsions and death in the space of a minute.

A college of physicians has said that not less than twenty thousand, in our land, annually die by the use of this poison.

Dr. Shaw names eighty diseases, and says they may be attributed to tobacco.

Gov. Sullivan says: "My brother, General Sullivan, died snuff, and his snuff lodged him prematurely in the grave."

Bourne, of Belgium, was murdered in two minutes and a half, by a little nicotine, or alkali of tobacco.

Dr. Twichell advised that sudden death and tobacco, among men, were usually found together, and he sustained

I can give the names of scores of men, who were found in their beds, or fell dead in the streets, or elsewhere, who had been the victims of this poison.

Three young men formed a smoking club, and in less than two years of the time they formed it—The was asked what they died of. He said they were dead to death.

A youth of sixteen fell dead with a cigar in his hand at a dram shop. What caused his death?—Consumption, said it was a mysterious act of God. The minister at funeral, consoled the friends by saying the same Physician said it was "heart disease," but said nothing about the cause of the disease. A sensible woman, seeing the boy's habits, said "tobacco killed him." It ranged the action of the heart; it ceased to beat and the victim fell.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE LADIES.

Of the fashions, one who is supposed to know, writes as follows: "One important change in ladies' dress is about to be made, and it must not pass by without remark, and the adoption of heavy English shoes. Balmaine's fine, fur-lined shoes insure good health and happiness to ladies, and they begin to enjoy the benefit of wearing them. Their dainty foot is by no means disgraced by an elegant moral."

Furs were less used last winter than in the former years, they are too expensive, and are not indispensable.

There are such elegant furs imported this fall, that many will be tempted to indulge in the luxury of a fur cap, tippet, muff and fur-lined gloves and shoes. Velvet boots and some velvet bonnets will be lined with fur.

Ladies will dress the front hair quite differently next winter. It will be crimped, curled, and pushed very far at the sides, and not worn close to the face. *Eric True American.*

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